Bite upon the MISER,

OR, A

Trick upon the PARSON, by the SAILOR.

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Bite upon the Miſer.

YOUNG women if you draw near awhile,
I'll ſing you a ditty ſhall make you ſmile
And you that have covetous parents draw near,
This ſtory as true as ever you did hear.

In fair London city there lived of late,
A miſer that had wordly riches ſo great,
He had a fair daughter, who all did adore
But he kept her ſingle for the ſake of his ſtore.

Many fine gallants came daily to woo,
Yet with her father they nothing could do:
Tho' he had thouſands his heart would not give
Him to part with them as long as he did live.

This beautiful damſel that was moſt divine,
Said, ſure no one's fortune is like unto mine;
The bloom of my life I have ſpent like a nun,
My father diſlikes every lover that comes.

I fain would be married, for I do know,
Old maids are diſpiſed wherever they go;
Therefore I will wed while beauty doth bloom
I am reſolv'd to wed the next man that comes.

So now I muſt leave this young maid awhile
Until fortune upon her is pleaſed to ſmile,
To mention a young man of courage ſo bold,
Whoſe mind was noble, but he had no gold.

He was a ſailor that plow'd on the main,
Who lately from the Indies was come,
Upon this fair creature he then caſt an eye,
For he was an neighbour that lived hard by.
He ſaid to court her it is but in vain,
Her father no ſuitor will entertain;
Thoſe of no riches muſt never come there,
But I'll venture tho' I be never the near.
He wrote to her thus: For pardon I crave
Since Cupid madam has made me your ſlave;
I am but a ſailor the truth to unfold,
But true love is better than ſilver or gold.
In many ſtrange countries madam I've been
And many a beautiful face have I ſeen,
But none e'er wounded my heart till I ſee
The charms of my dearest ſo pleaſing to me.
As ſoon as the letter came to her hand,
By directing another ſhe to him did ſend;
Saying; ſir, I do find you've a paſſion for me,
But firſt with my father you are to agree
I courted have been by ſome lords of renown
My father diſmiſſes them all with a frown;
But if you can find any means to obtain
Me by his conſent, I your ſervant remain
To court me come in your tarpau in dreſs,
For then the old man will like you the beſt:
It is true he has ſlighted ſome perſons of fame,
Who knows but a ſailor his favour may gain.
The ſailor dreſt him ſo neat and ſo trim,
And to ſee the maiden he did come in;
Her father ſeeing him come in the room,
Went up and aſk'd him from whence he came;

The ſailor made him no anſwer at all,
But ſtept in the room and embrac'd her with-
all
The old man amaz'd theſe ventures to ſee,
Cries, impudent raſcal, who can it be?
She ſaid, it is one whom I do adore,
He'll wed me, and does not value your ſtore;
You will not wed me with one that has gold,
Therefore I will wed with this ſailor ſo bold.
Then the old man bid him ſtraitway begone,
And ſee no more you after her come;
Sir, I for my daughter a parſon deſign,
And ſhall be wedded in a ſhort time.
The ſailor ſurpriz'd to hear what he did
ſay,
In ſorrowful ſort went jogging away,
And the daughter amaz'd this thing to ſee,
Begun to enquire who this parſon might be.
Her father ſaid, a man juſt and true,
One who I am ſure is the fitteſt for you;
He preaches the goſpel, your ſoul he may ſave,
I prefer him to one who is ever ſo brave.
But this piece of divinity, ſir, let me ſee,
Who you are willing ſhould wed with me;
The father cries you ſhall ſee him to night,
And if you like him wed him outright.
Night being come, the old canter came,
But ſure ſuch a ſight never was ſeen,
Both old and decrepid, a hump at his back,
With a noſe and a chin a walnut would crack.
The cruff went trudging into her room;
By your father's conſent, my dear, I am come;

His pleaſure it is my wife you ſhall be,
And a loving huſband I will be to thee.
The lady was proper as many report,
He went to ſalute her, but he was too ſhort.
He ſcarcely could reach up to her apron-ſtring,
But heartily begged her to ſtoop to him.
This charming creature reply'd with a ſmile,
To ſtoop to a man it is not worth my while,
Indeed mr. parſon to tell you plain,
I never intend to ſtoop to a man.
He ſrid, if I have you without any controul
I muſt direct you for the good of your ſoul;
And therefore be humble and meek my dear,
And then to ſalute her he jump'd on a chair.
He eagerly kiſs'd her, ſaying ſweet are thy charms,
I never can reſt but in thy dear arms;
So then her father came tumbling in,
And ſaid dear daughter can you fancy him.
Sweet honoured father, the lady reply'd,
Indeed to this dwarf I will never be ty'd.
The old man in a paſſion down ſtairs did hie,
And ſwore the ſailor ſhould inſtantly die.
A coachman ha, lived with him ſome time,
A covetous wretch after the coin,
A reſolute ruffian as e'er you did know,
He ſecrstly unto this fel ow did go.
He told him if he a ſecret would keep,
He would reward him with riches ſo great.
If he would contrive this ſailor to kill,
As his daughter in wedlock might not have her will.

The coachman protested, indeed that he'd
do,
Don't fear but I quickly will make him to rue;
But to his mistress the coachman went
And told her father's most cruel intent.

He that night being out of the way,
She sent for the sailor without more delay;
She told him his base and bloody design,
Saying, now I will bite him of his coin.

For this night you murdered are to be,
'Till to-morrow morning you must stay with
me;
And when he thinks that you murdered are,
I'll make him to think your Ghost does ap-
pear.

The coachman out in the evening did go,
As the miser did think the job for to do;
In two or three hours he home did return,
And told his master the job he had done.

Pray where did you kill him, John, the mi-
ser said;
And where did you throw him when he was
dead?
He said, sir, I rumbled him into a well,
Then the Miser laugh'd at what he did tell.

But, said he, I must lie with you to night,
For the deed I have done put's me in a fright,
I fancy he'll haunt me indeed in the end
Said the Miser, ne'er fear, for the parson we'll
send.

And he shall with us nights two or three,
For he knew of the murder as well as we;
And since we are guilty alike we must fare,
They sent for the parson and to bed did repair.

Soon as they were got in their gentle repose,
To the chamber door the sailor straight goes;
Three blows he gave did sound like a drum,
Oh! master, quoth Jack, the Ghost is now come.

Three terrible groans he gave, as we hear,
And softly crept into the room of his dear,
And the parson's hair stood an end on his head,
And with fright the miser was almost dead.

The parson look'd like one struck dumb,
In the morning the daughter did unto him come:
She said, What disturbance was that in the night?
I'm sure I heard something which did me affright.

The parson said, Jewel, you need not to fear,
Satan has no power while I am so near.
If any thing frights you my love call to me,
'Till married your father's bed-fellow I'll be.

She then seemed pleasant, and sat with a smile,
While Jack was laying the plot all the while,
For to get things ready the Ghost to array,
But her father sat like a drone all the day.

They went to bed again when it was night,
Her father said, Jack let us set up a light;
It is a good thing the parson then said,
I will pray for you, then be not afraid.

The lady dress'd up the Ghost. When she'd done,
With a torch in his hand to the chamber he come,
And gently moving towards the bed
The old man lifted from the pillow his head.

And seeing the sailor appear thus in black,
He eagerly fastened on his man Jack,
Now he'll have me without control,
O parson, O parson, come pray for my soul.

The parſon crept down in the midſt of the bed,
And the miſer pulled the bed cloaths over his head:
The ſailor to the bed's feet walked down,
And pulled the bed cloaths upon the ground.
Now the parſon ſhit for fear as he lay,
And the miſer ſaid, Parſon, why don't you pray?
Pray! ſaid the parſon, and am in ſuch fears,
Let's jump out of bed and run down ſtairs.
They ſtrove who ſhould firſt get out of the room,
And the parſon headlong then tumbled down;
Jack laugh'd till he p—ſt to ſee how his bump,
Againſt every ſtair went thump a thump thump.
And as the Ghoſt the old miſer did paſs,
A hot burning link he thruſt in his arſe,
Who after the parſon did tumble down ſtairs,
And cried out, Parſon, O Parſon, your prayers.
They open'd the doors, and in the ſtreet ran;
The watchman with ſtaves and lanterns came:
O what is the matter? the Devil, they cry'd,
Then keep him among you, the watchmen reply'd.
As naked they cringing did ſtand in the ſtreet,
The ſailor did put out the candle and did creep
Up ſtairs to his love, who kept him till noon,
Until ſhe got him ſafe out of the room.
Next day it was noiſed abroad, as we hear,
That the Ghoſt to the Old Miſer did appear;
Within a month after he gave up his breath,
And gave his daughter all he had on earth.
Then the Parſon never came in courting more,
And ſhe wedded the ſailor whom ſhe did adore;
A hundred a year unto Jack ſhe did give,
For to maintain him while he did live.
At the wedding dinner was told the game,
The gueſts were pleaſed, and none did the blame:
But truly commended this couple have been,
Since he would have acted ſo cruel a ſcheme.